

The Christian Herald.

VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1822.

No. XII.

Miscellany.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Christian Herald.

SIR,—The demoralizing effect of public amusements, is a matter of every day observation in your populous city. Our smaller towns are not without their "balls" and "fashionable tea parties," where the thoughtless and giddy sacrifice their substance and precious time at the shrine of their idol, Vanity. A young lady of our village had engaged to be present at one of these "revels" and a sense of duty, and a desire to promote her *true* happiness, impelled me to address to her a few serious reflections, which, being a little enlarged, I send for publication in your useful pages. Though your list of patrons may not number many such persons as my young friend, still these thoughts may meet the eye of some, equally careless and gay, who, I hope will find them useful

Reflections before, at the time of, and after attending a Ball, or Fashionable Tea Party.

Soon, my dear friend, you anticipate the arrival of an hour which, you may expect, will bring along with it peculiar satisfaction, and enjoyment of no ordinary kind. If your heart beats with the hope of finding it so, if you exult in the prospect, allow me to suggest a few reflections, which the voice of friendship, and your best, which are your eternal interests, call upon you to consider.—At the end of each sentence, please make a solemn pause, and for this once be honest with yourself.—Let conscience do its designed office.

By and by you will be busily employed in arraying that body which is now actuated by a precious *immortal principle*. When engaged in fitting the mantua and ruff, carry yourself, in imagination, to a sick and dying bed. Ask, is this body, now so much caressed, *soon* to be placed upon a bed of languishing, its strength being prostrated? Am I soon to be surrounded by my friends and acquaintances, to whom I must bid a *last*, a long farewell, having no prospect of seeing them again in the flesh? Am I soon to leave my beloved father and mother, brothers and sisters, my companions and associates, and be severed from all terrene objects and earthly scenes, to try the solemn and awful realities of death, judgment, and eternity? I say, when you retire to decorate that clayey tenement, about which there is so

much concern, interrogate yourself, How long, and this body shall be wrapped in a shroud, and enclosed in a coffin? How long before the same body will be followed by a train of weeping mourners, and surviving friends to the narrow house of death, and there be deposited beneath the clods of the valley, among the congregations of the dead?

Not only about your body be solicitous, but about your never dying soul also—that spirit which is to run parallel with the existence of God. Ask, is my heart right with God? Have I repented of my sins, believed in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of my soul? Have I given up my heart to God and submitted to Christ; receiving him as my Prophet, Priest, and King? Am I now clothed in his righteousness, which alone proves the wedding garment, and thus gain me admission at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Probably you will appear in white this evening. Ask, if you are prepared to “walk in white” with God in heaven?

Contemplating the assembling of those whom you expect as your companions for the evening, you view them coming from various quarters.—Having taken this survey of your anticipated circle, contemplate that day, for which all other days are made, when the gathering nations shall come from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, not at the sound of the viol to which you are now looking forward, but at the sound of the trump of God. This evening calls you, *not from duty*, but, alas! from *inclination*, to follow the measures of the bow. The sound on that dread morn will awake those sleeping in the land of silence. Then they will come forth, and that to give in their account. * Among the number, solemn as the consideration is, among that number you and I shall stand. Ask yourself, how you will stand the test? for there you will have to answer for your talents, how you have disposed of them; your *time*,—your *privileges*,—your *influence*,—the *invitations*, *warnings*, *commands*, and *entreaties* received from God, in his *word*, *providence*, *love*, and *mercy*, to turn from your evil ways, and to secure the salvation of your soul, and his favour which is life, and his loving kindness which is better than life.

When you shall have assembled with the intended party, look around upon them and cast one reflection, if no more, to that place, the *bar of God*, the *judgment seat of Christ*, where the assembled universe shall meet. What do you behold? methinks you see a great contrast,—those who love God and those who love him not,—those who have devoted their *all* to Him who loved them and gave himself for them, and those, who, in this life, were lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; Gallio like, caring for none of those things which pertain to the eternal welfare of the soul. When you have taken this view, ask, am I prepared, or am I here preparing to meet God in judgment? Will my situation be at the right or left hand of the Judge of quick and dead?

As you shall stand upon the floor, just ready to trip over a spot, which will ever be a witness ready, in connexion with your own conscience, in seasons of sober reflection, to testify to the vanity of

such conduct, think of the omniscience and omnipresence of that Being whose eyes search, and whose eyelids try the children of men. Ask, am I in the presence of my Judge? Am I obeying his command, "Redeem the time?" Am I here laying up treasure in heaven, that I may have something to stay me upon when passing the Jordan of death, and to stand by me when ushered into the eternal world? or collecting fruit to vex and annoy me in life, to enhance me in death, and to prove a gnawing worm beyond the grave? Do I appear amidst this gayety, mirth, and hilarity, like a rational creature tending towards eternity, and but an *inch* of time to prepare for the same? How is it? Am I here trifling with God, with my own soul, and with the souls of others, and sporting with eternal things, and that too in the view of heaven, angels, and men? Be astonished, O heavens! and blush O earth! at such folly,—that one of thy offspring should hazard its *all* that is good or great, for the sinful gratification of a momentary pleasure!

At the sound of the viol you will move. Then revolve in your mind that new song, sang by the forty and four thousand, and that which will be sung by *all the redeemed*, to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. At the same time ask, shall I tune *my* song to harps of gold?—On the contrary, have I not great reason to fear that songs of *lamentation* will be my portion, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, among devils and damned spirits; while the happy few, who have kept their garments unspotted from the world, will, with crowns of joy on their heads, and with palms of victory in their hands, celebrate the praises of redeeming love and saving grace, on the banks of deliverance, the blessed shores of the heavenly Canaan? How cheering the prospect of those who are washed, justified, and sanctified! O how happy are they who their Saviour obey! Behold the blessed of the Lord move upwards to possess the kingdom of God's dear Son! Behold, also, the wicked, driven away in their wickedness!! In what broad phalanx the latter precipitate themselves! headlong they go to reap the fruit of their doings. Alas! alas! their situation!—irretrievable, *eternal* death awaits them.

When the refreshments of the evening shall be handed, ask, am I looking forward, anxiously and joyfully anticipating the time when I shall eat bread and drink new wine in the upper kingdom? If not, why am I here, amidst the worldly, fashionable, and gay? Why not sequestered? Why not upon my knees before God, supplicating for mercy to pardon, and for grace to help me in time of need? Why am I not, instead of following a phantom, a visionary object, seeking the *one thing needful*, the *chief good*?

As you shall separate from your companions, reflect upon that time when Christ shall divide the nations of the earth, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. Think of the vast multitude who, owning their sentence just, will be constrained to call, but call in vain, upon the rocks and hills to fall upon and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. Think too upon the lot of those, who, being

found clothed in the righteousness of Christ, find not only a happy, but an *honourable acquittal*. Moreover, ask, how shall I abide the day of his coming? Should the Son of man summon me away, and say, "*This night thy soul shall be required of thee,*" could I give in my account with joy, and not with grief? on the contrary, would it not be with fearfulness and trembling? How would the past of your life appear? How would you *now* find yourself upon close examination? Would you not be constrained to cry out from the bitterness of your soul, alas! too late! too late! I have sinned away my day of grace! I have trifled with precious time! I have grieved away the influences of the Spirit of God! and now, awful! heart rending thought! I have no reconciled God and Father in heaven to go to? no Saviour whose merits I can plead, for I have slighted him, and his offers! no Comforter in this disconsolate hour whom I can call my own! Where, where, O where shall I flee? heaven to me is brass, and the earth iron. All, all around is dismal! darkness sits brooding over my soul, and fiends are now ready to drag me—where?—O! where?—not to heaven—alas! no: but to hell—to hell for ever!—Now,

Have you made a pause at each sentence? What were your conclusions? Not to me, but to God and to your own conscience, reply.

If you have resolved to go, and still persist in your resolution, shall I say, go? I dare not; for I see danger, yea *poison* lurks within the cup you are about to drink. But before you shall have tasted of it, you may be drinking one *far*, FAR more bitter. Shall I tell you, that the case of one was related to me, who, while in the act of preparing for a ball, was suddenly brought down and soon expired? It is true. And it was a female. Your best interests call upon you to desist. All heaven cries out *stay! stay!!* And the voice of your friend is, turn ye, *turn ye*, for why will you die? May you be saved,—may you be saved.—But, if not—if not, let me appeal to your heart and conscience, as in the presence of the great I AM, and ask, is not your blood far from the skirts of my garments, and will it not be required at your own hands? . . . Adieu.

"YOUR WELLWISHER."

N. B. It occurs to me that you may be influenced by your associates, and should you not comply with their requests you may think it would not meet their approbation. If it is thus, let me ask you, and ask you in reference to that time when the secrets of your heart will be laid open and made manifest, together with the actions of your life,—let me ask which you will secure, the favour of man, or the favour of God. Be assured that you cannot take along with you God and mammon together; No. And "he that loveth the world the love of the Father *is not* in him." Then, as you value your precious immortal soul—as you ever hope to die in peace, and meet God in heaven, I say, beware! O! beware how you dance on the brink of hell!

Again, adieu! Yours, &c.

From the London Christian Guardian.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

SIR,—It hath pleased the Lord, whose I am, to give me a sharp and plain summons to come forth of his vineyard, and leave his work. I confess I understood not that voice of the rod awhile: but it hath now spoke louder. Little cause have I to murmur as most men breathing, so long and frequent have his warnings for preparation been; so long and frequent mine opportunities of doing and receiving good, and all this ten years ago so unexpected, that I may conclude I have had a competent share. And, indeed, though unwillingness to die have all this while been my sin, my great sin, yet God hath made me somewhat more willing, though, alas! but somewhat. I confess, when I think upon poor Kidderminster, my heart bleeds, and I could gladly yet live. But the Lord must dispose. It hath been long my observation, when men, after trouble and unfittedness, begin to think of quiet and rest, they are near death; yet did not I promise my soul much ease in settling. O that you could help to quiet and comfort my dear friends of Kidderminster! I pray you, Sir, write one word to that purpose to my father, who, I fear, will bear with too little patience. O Sir! if you would die comfortably, be much with God; suffer not estranging easily; have promises at hand; be daily in heaven; bring faith, by daily exercise, to try all affecting apprehensions; be industrious, privately as well as publicly, for the recovery of souls; let slip no opportunity; let nothing silence you, but let Christ when he comes find you so doing. Be tender of the godly that differ in questionable things, without favouring their sin, or countenancing a toleration of open evil. In all these, I have too much failed. All my friends have left me, and here I am worse than alone, but that God is with me. I had so much sudden ease on the fast-day, that I was sensible of the benefit of prayers. I pray set one day apart privately for me with your godly friends. There is no other hope left. Physicians, nature, flesh, blood, spirit, heart, friends, all fail! But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Yet I know the God whom I serve is able to deliver, and hath delivered. But if he will not deliver, though he kill me yet will I trust in him, and I know whom I have trusted.

I confess I was never yet near so low: but I trust in Him who raiseth the dead. I know my Redeemer liveth, and that he hath not died in vain; for neither have I run or laboured in vain. Though mine iniquities sometime lie heavy on me, yet I have fought a good fight, &c. If I see your faces no more in the flesh, farewell till eternity; and the spirit and grace of Christ Jesus our Lord preserve your souls to himself for ever!

Your languishing, decaying, yet believing, hoping friend,
RICHARD BAXTER.

This interesting relict is without date of time or place. It was probably written in 1657, when Mr. Baxter was seized with a bleeding at the nose, in so violent a manner, that he lost the quantity of a

gallon at once, which obliged him to retire from the Parliament army, in which he had been chaplain, to Sir Thomas Rouse's, where he continued for a long time in a very languishing state of health. He afterwards returned to Kidderminster, and resumed the work of his ministry.

SELECT SENTENCES.

"Saving faith brings glory to God, because it brings nothing to him but poverty, want, and emptiness; other graces bring something. Love brings fire; repentance brings tears; obedience brings works, but poor faith brings nothing but a bare hand, and an empty vessel. The poorer any come to God, the more they glorify him."—*Erskine*.

"If men hated sin as much in themselves, as they do in others, humility would be a very easy and common thing."—*Maclaurin*.

"Abraham's affection for his son Isaac, was extinguished by the more powerful flame of affection to the will and command of God."—*Charnock*.

"Sanctified afflictions are an evidence of our adoption; we do not prune dead trees to make them fruitful, nor those which are planted in a desert, but such as belong to the garden and possess life."—*Arrowsmith*.

"The Bible is the same to the inquiring soul as the Star to the Eastern Magi, it leads to the Redeemer."

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.*

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." *John xli. 32.*

WHILE thunder shook the frightened sky, Pale, on the cross uplifted high, With agonizing pangs, And aching head and temples torn, Pierced by the sharp encircling thorn, The holy Sufferer hangs.	My heart was pierced by that last glance, I saw his fading countenance— I wept! but he was dead.
I saw him by the lightning flame! I knew—and lov'd his well-known name, 'Twas Jesus dying there! Weeping, I said, "O Saviour, why The storm that sweeps o'er Calvary?— The wrath that fills the air?"	O crucified! I blush with shame! My sins have slain the Holy Lamb! But, ah! that dying look! 'Twas full of love to me—to all Who on his precious name shall call, For he their sorrows took!
Tell me, sweet Jesus, tell me why, Thou'rt stretched in writhing agony, Clothed with that bloody vest? Wherefore that labouring of thy breath, The cold-struck spasm of painful death, Deep in thy shivering breast?"	Then turn my falling tears to joy! His death shall now my lips employ; The world shall know his love! "The Lord impaled, was lifted high; He died for man," shall be my cry Where'er on earth I rove.
He answered not—but gave one look, Then clos'd his eyes, and gasping, shook And bowed his sacred head;	See the bloody cross, ye dying men! Look, O ye nations! live again! By Him shall ye arise. Where now red war and vengeance rave The unfurled cross shall glow and wave Upon your peaceful skies!

* A Hymn by the Rev. John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, and author of "Orient Harping," and "Women in India." Copied from the London Baptist Magazine.

REVIEW.

A NEW-ENGLAND TALE. Second edition. New-York : E. Bliss & E. White. 1822. 12mo.—pp. 285.

OUR readers have very much mistaken our character and feelings, if they have supposed us indifferent as to the number and quality of novels, which have of late been so constantly issuing from the American press. Even if we were not allowed to possess a sufficiency of talent and taste to be interested in the world of fiction, which seems emphatically to distinguish our day as an era of novels, yet we trust our hearts and sensibilities are not so deadened on the subject of religion, as to permit us coldly to view the shelves of every bookseller bending under a load of Romance, without ever inquiring what is to be the effect on the Church of God.

The imagination of *Walter Scott*, or whoever may be the author of the *Waverly Novels*, has rendered this kind of reading so popular, that we have almost feared to make any remarks on the subject, lest humble prose and simple truth would find no readers. We have, indeed, often compared the drudgery of our own little magazine with the comparative light task of the novel writer ; and so little were the results of the comparison in our favour, that had we thought our talents and disposition befitting, perhaps ere this we should have forsaken this dull road, and produced a novel ourselves. We think the novel writer must be one of the richest men living, for his materials are inexhaustible. Some have wondered how so many ponderous volumes could be so quickly produced by one writer ; but for ourselves we think the problem very easily solved. Such a writer can sit in his elbow chair, and soon call around himself an ideal world, where golden harvests may at once be reaped from fields sowed only by fancy. This lower world, the planets, the stars, and even fate and destiny are completely under his control. The Indies pour out their riches, and Potosi its treasures ; the moon shines at one moment, and is shrouded in clouds the next ; the storms howl, the ocean heaves, mountains and forests spring into existence, years fly in the space of seconds, and even death ever stands at his elbow, ready to execute his errands, in any form or shape, against all the barriers of improbabilities, or impossibilities. Who, with materials so ample, could not produce something in the shape of a book ? and who that considers all these facilities, will not cease to wonder that *tomes* of novels are issued almost as fast as newspapers ?

We consider every man as accountable for the improvement and influence of his talents. We are not merely so to live that life shall be barely outwardly innocent and inoffensive—not merely to pass through life, enjoying the luxury of being satisfied with ourselves for negative virtues. But we are to cultivate our active faculties for the noble purposes for which Heaven created them. We are to cultivate those faculties which restrain every undue thought and action ; and we envy not the persons whose business it is to spread false banquets before their fellow probationers, and to create an appetite only to be

disgusted by realities. And the experience of all who are conversant with fictitious writings, will attest, that such works can and do excite these *mala mentis gaudia*. They place the character of man in two very different points of view. The one throws around him all the degradation of the brutes, and makes him only a magazine of imperfections. The other exalts him to a participation of the divine character, and gives him the native loveliness of an angel: and it is this wide departure from the realities of this world, and the many false colours displayed, that make these writings so fascinating and ensnaring.

But there is another trait in modern novels which we hasten to notice. It is, that vain endeavour to make them *religious*. We are sorry that the authors of these works are not content to delude the young as to the prospects of this life, without attempting to guide them to the next through the mazes of fiction. We are sorry that religion, the most sacred of all truth, must be muffled in the cloak of fiction, and made to appear in any dress that a sophisticated fancy and a corrupt heart may suggest. It is for this reason that we have taken up the little volume whose title heads this article.

From the high opinion we had formed of the lady who is the author of this production, we took it up with prepossessions in its favour. Nor would we by any means be willing to say that the writer is destitute of talent; but we were sadly disappointed. In the preface we are told: "If the writer could suppose that any reader of intelligence and candour could consider this tale as a designed attack upon the character of any class of Christians, such an object would be distinctly disavowed; and, it is confidently believed, might be clearly refuted from the tale itself." Now, whatever may have been the *design* of the writer, we think it can be made apparent that a certain class of Christians *are* here attacked,—and attacked too with the most malicious of all weapons—*ridicule*. We must state our grievances fully, and beg the indulgence of the writer, who seems to be one of those who are *liberal* even to bigotry. We are so stupid then, as to believe one great object of this story to be, to misrepresent and falsify that portion of Christians who are usually styled orthodox. If, indeed, the writer's pen was not "dipped in gall," it seems to have been under the influence of a heart that would pour out the overflowings of its venom in sarcasms and insinuations. But let the work speak for itself.

Mr. Elton, a country merchant, in the western part of Massachusetts, having lost his property by mismanagement, died insolvent, and his wife soon followed him, leaving a lovely orphan, Jane, of about twelve years of age. She had thus far been educated with delicacy and tenderness, and was ill prepared to buffet the angry storms which awaited her. She followed her mother to the grave with a feeling that seemed to indicate her heart to be enclosed in her parent's coffin. Here we are told, that all the calamities recorded in the succeeding part of this chapter, at least, are to be entirely charged upon a poor clergyman, or rather the clergyman's funeral sermon, delivered at Mrs. Elton's burial. This dreadful catastrophe is thus related:

"The clergyman of ——— was one of those who are more zealous for sound doctrine, than benevolent practice: he had chosen on that occasion for his text, 'The wages of sin is death,' and had preached a long sermon in the vain endeavour of elucidating the doctrine of original sin. Clergymen who lose such opportunities of instructing their people in the operations of providence, and the claims of humanity, ought not to wonder if they grow languid, and selfish, and careless of their most obvious duties. Had this gentleman improved this occasion of illustrating the duty of sympathy, by dwelling on the tenderness of our blessed Lord, when he wept with the bereaved sisters at the grave of Lazarus: had he distilled the essence of those texts, and diffused their gracious influence into his sermon—'Bear ye one another's burthens;' 'Weep with those who weep;' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me:' had this preaching usually been in conformity to the teaching of our Saviour, could the scene have followed, which it is our business to relate?"—p. 21.

As this clergyman seems to be only "one" of the many who thus carry their terrific doctrines into the grave yard, we should like to know how many such funeral sermons our author has heard? Or, rather, we would ask, if she has not seized upon a very awkward opportunity to ridicule this class of men?

The day after the burial of Jane's mother, three of her aunts met at her father's house, to decide what should be done with the orphan. Our readers will too readily see the point of the following paragraph; and what very keen wit is employed against those objects to which Christendom are turning their attention and efforts; nor do we recollect to have seen a more shameless sneer against the spread of the Gospel of Christ.

"The eldest sister began the conference by saying, 'That she trusted it was not expected she should take Jane upon her hands—that she was not so well off as either of her sisters—that to be sure she had no children; but then Mr. Daggett and herself *calculated* to do a great deal for the Foreign Missionary Society; that no longer ago than that morning, Mr. D. and she had agreed to pay the expense of one of the young Cherokees at the school at ———; that there was a great work going on in the world, and as long as they had the heart given them to help it, they could not feel it their duty to withdraw any aid for a mere worldly purpose!'"—p. 23.

Mrs. Convers, the second sister, could not take the orphan because all her money was employed in dressing her children. But we now introduce the youngest sister, Mrs. Wilson, who seems to be the very pith of the story; and we much mistake if our readers do not find her pithy.

"Mrs. Wilson continued—'Sister Convers, I feel it to be my duty to warn you—you, the daughter and granddaughter of worthy divines who abhorred all such sinful practices, that you should own that you send your children to dancing school, astonishes and grieves my spirit. Do you know that Mr. C——, in reporting the awakening in his parish, mentions that not one of the girls that attended dancing school were among the converts, whereas two, who had engaged to attend it, but had received a remarkable warning in a dream, were among the first and brightest?'"

"'I would as soon,' she continued, 'follow one of my children to the grave, as to see her in that broad road to destruction, which leads through a ball room.'"—p. 25.

We would here pause, and inquire what must be the *liberality* and feelings of a heart that can thus empty its malignity against revivals of religion! We do not complain because our author is not a Calvinist—but we may loudly complain that in the character of Mrs. Wilson,

she has ascribed opinions and conduct to this class of Christians, which we believe no Calvinist ever believed, or practised. She has made Mrs. Wilson solely from her own brain, and has dressed her up in caricature, in order to ridicule what is usually denominated evangelical religion. As we have more to do with the religious character of the Tale than any other, we proceed to develope it. To the question, whether Jane had experienced religion, our author puts the following reply into the mouth of Mrs. Wilson :

“ ‘ Experienced religion !—no,’ replied Mrs. Wilson. ‘ How should she ? She has not been to a meeting since her mother was first taken sick ; and no longer ago than the day after her mother’s death, when I talked to her of her corrupt state by nature, and the opposition of her heart, (for I felt it to be my duty, at this peculiar season, to open to her the great truths of religion, and I was faithful to her soul, and did not scruple to declare the whole counsel,) she looked at me as if she was in a dumb stupor. I told her the judgments of an offended God were made manifest towards her in a remarkable manner ; and then I put it to her conscience, whether if she was sure her mother had gone where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, she should be reconciled to the character of God, and be willing herself to promote his glory, by suffering that just condemnation. She did not reply one word, or give the least symptom of a gracious understanding. But when Mrs. Harvey entered, just as I was concluding, and passed her arm around Jane, and said to her, ‘ My child, God does not willingly grieve nor afflict you,’ the child sobbed out, ‘ Oh no ! Mrs. Harvey, so my mother told me, and I am sure of it.’ ”—pp. 30, 31.

It was finally concluded that little Jane should, for the present, go and live with her orthodox aunt Wilson. While Jane was packing up her few things before going from her father’s house, she received a note from this aunt, advising her to *steal* from her father’s creditors some “ spoons, table linen, her mother’s ivory work box,” &c. &c.

Such of our readers as wish to know how Mrs. Wilson came to be so bad a woman, are informed, that in addition to her creed, she had been a hypocrite most of her life.

“ Mrs. Wilson had fancied herself one of the subjects of an awakening at an early period of her life ; had passed through the ordeal of a church examination with great credit, having depicted in glowing colours the opposition of her natural heart to the decrees, and her subsequent joy in the doctrine of election. She thus assumed the form of godliness without feeling its power. We fear that in those times of excitement, during which many pass from indifference to holiness, and many are converted from sin to righteousness, there are also many who, like Mrs. Wilson, delude themselves and others with vain forms of words, and professions of faith.”—p. 39.

In the family of her aunt, as might be expected, Jane experienced every kind of ill treatment that any being, short of a demon, could offer. A few months after she had entered her aunt’s family, a dancing master arrived in the village, and established a dancing school. This event makes considerable stir, and gives our author an opportunity to slander, and sneer at, the clergy.

“ Some clergymen denounced the impending sin from their pulpits. One said that he had searched the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and he could not find a text that expressly treated of that enormity, but that was manifestly because it was a sin too heinous to be spoken of in holy writ ; he said that dancing was one of the most offensive of all the rites of those savage nations that were under the immediate and *visible* government of the prince of this world ; and, finally, he referred them to the church documents, those precious records of the piety, and wisdom, and purity of their ancestors : and they would there find a rule which prohibited any church member from frequenting, or being present at, a ball, or

dance, or frolic, or any such assembly of Satan ; and they would moreover find that such transgressions had been repeatedly punished by expulsion from the church, and exclusion from all Christian ordinances."—pp. 71, 72.

Without being very particular in following the story, we shall notice a few more sentences which treat of religion. We wish our readers to be particular in reading the following quotation.

"Mrs. Wilson was fond of the bold and highly figurative language of the prophets ; and often identified herself with the Psalmist, in his exultation over his enemies, in his denunciations, and in his appeals for vengeance.

"We leave to theologians to decide, whether these expressions from the king of Israel are meant for the enemies of the church, or whether they are to be imputed to the dim light which the best enjoyed under the Jewish dispensation. At any rate, such as come to us in so 'questionable a shape,' ought not to be employed as the medium of a Christian's prayer."—p. 167.

We should like to inquire if our author dare take it upon herself to say that any of the Bible is not inspired by the Holy Ghost, or is the revelation of heaven in so "questionable a shape," that she can decide against only certain parts of it ? Or does she mean the above paragraph to intimate that her creed is but little different from that of the boldest infidel ? The following quotation will give a fair specimen of the *feminine* tenderness, with which our author treats those who differ from her in sentiment.

"'And I wonder you can have the heart to ask,' replied Mrs. Wilson, sobbing with passion, not grief ; 'you have no feeling ; you never had any for my afflictions. It is but two months, yesterday, since Martha died, and I have no reason to hope for her. She died without repentance.'

"'Ha !' replied David, 'Elvira told me, that she confessed, to her husband, her abuse of his children, her love of the bottle, (which, by the by, every body knew before,) and a parcel of stuff that, for our sakes, I think she might have kept to herself.'

"'Yes, yes, she did die in a terrible uproar of mind about some things of that kind ; but she had no feeling of her lost state by nature.'

"'Oh, the devil !' grumbled the hopeful son and brother ; 'if I had nothing to worry my conscience but my *state by nature*, I might get one good night's sleep, instead of lying from night till morning like a toad under a harrow.'

"This comment was either unheard or unheeded by the mother, and she went on : 'David, your extravagance is more than I can bear. I have been wonderfully supported under my other trials. If my children, though they are my flesh and blood, are not elected, the Lord is justified in their destruction, and I am still. I have done my duty, and I know not "why tarry his chariot wheels."'

"'It is an easy thing, ma'am,' said David, interrupting his mother, 'to be reconciled to everlasting destruction ; but if your mind is not equally resigned to the temporal ruin of a child, you must lend me the money.'"—pp. 132, 133.

Will any candid person pretend that such opinions were ever entertained by orthodox Christians, and will the writer believe that such representations can gain her friends, or the cause of truth proselytes ?

In consequence of such a mother, one of Mrs. Wilson's sons commits highway robbery, and even he, from the walls of his prison, pours out his curses against the orthodox creed as being the sole agent of his destruction. It is part of his letter to his mother :

"Mother, mother ! oh, that I must call you so !—as I do it, I howl a curse with every breath—you have destroyed me. You it was that taught me, when I scarcely knew my right hand from my left, that there was no difference between doing right and doing wrong, in the sight of the God you worship ; you taught me that I could do nothing acceptable to him. If you taught me truly, I have only acted out the nature totally depraved, (your own words,) that he gave to me and I am not to blame for it. I could do nothing to save my own soul ; and according to your own doctrine, I stand now a better chance than my moral cousin,

Jane. If you have taught me falsely, I was not to blame; the peril be on your own soul. My mind was a blank, and you put your own impressions on it; God (if there be a God) reward you according to your deeds!"—p. 265.

With one more quotation we close. It is some observations on Mrs. Wilson's character immediately after her death.

"Ought we to wonder that she effected that imposition on herself, by the aid of self-love, (of all love the most blinding,) since we have heard, in her funeral sermon, her religious experiences detailed as the triumphs of a saint; her strict attention on religious ordinances commended, as if they were the end and not the means of a religious life; since we (who cannot remember a single gracious act of humility in her whole life) have been told, as a proof of her gracious state, that the last rational words she pronounced were, that she "was of sinners the chief?" There seems to be a curious spiritual alchymy in the utterance of these words; for we cannot say, that those who use them mean to "palter in a double sense," but they are too often spoken and received as the evidence of a hopeful state. Professions and declarations have crept in among the protestants, to take the place of the mortifications and penances of the ancient church; so prone are men to find some easier way to heaven than the toilsome path of obedience.'"—pp. 267, 268.

We profess not to be insensible to the beauties of the work before us. In most instances the language is elevated and chaste—the descriptions often natural and glowing. To render what we have written intelligible to our readers, we must inform them, that our little heroine, Jane, lived several years in the family of her aunt, met with some romantic adventures, and finally married a Quaker, who had been her patron and friend during all her troubles. Though *Monsieur* "Lavoisier" takes *French leave*, with Elvira, and we hear no more about them after his wonderful escape from the "tar and feathers," we have no fault, on the whole, to find with the ending of the story, as it was perfectly proper to marry Jane to an old widower, or any other person. But we cannot but mention what we esteem unpardonable blemishes. There are not a few expressions that border on profaneness, which would by no means become a lady's lips, however they appear from her pen. Jane Elton is a perfect character, as religious and as pure as an angel; and that too from her infancy—for we read of no time when she was otherwise. The quakers are represented as almost perfect beings—the clergy are ridiculed—deacons are sneered at—conferences are derided—missions and missionaries are pointed at—every thing that distinguishes evangelical religion is misrepresented and stigmatized. If our author considers herself as an accountable being, we wonder by what law of mercy she expects to be judged, when she is so severe upon that obnoxious part of Christians, Calvinists. And is this the book that is to be vended and spread over our land, and put into the hands of our youth? Is this the manner in which an accountable being, of no ordinary talents, is to exert her influence? A sorry item indeed, we believe, this little work will make when her every action is impartially judged. She informs us that she wrote for the purpose of adding "something to the scanty stock of native American literature." Were this the design, it is certainly to be commended; though we think the addition our literature gains by it, will be but a "scanty" morsel. We must now take leave of our author with the hope, that should she again appear before the public, she will have more of the modesty which so much becomes a lady, if indeed she is wholly free from the humility and candour of a Christian.

Intelligence.

POLYNESIA.—SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

MOST interesting intelligence from the mission established in these islands, by the London Missionary Society, is furnished in the *Missionary Chronicle* for September. The deputation, consisting of the Rev. D. Tyerman and George Bennet, Esq. was sent out, more than a year ago, to visit these stations, and several letters have been received from them, by the Directors, which we shall now proceed to notice. The first letter is dated "on board the *Tuscan*, Aug. 22, 1821. Pacific Ocean, lat. 29, 12. S. long. 85, 0. W.;" and states that with little variation, the voyage thus far had been pleasant and prosperous. The second letter is dated "Eimeo, Dec. 3, 1821;" and states that they arrived at Matavai, (in Taheite,) on the 21st of September, without any calamity befalling them on their way. They express themselves as having been greatly delighted with the beauty of the islands, but most of all, "with the victories and blessed results of *preaching and living the Gospel of Christ*," at every station where they had been, viz.

At *Matavai*, at *Papieta*, at *Buaanania* in *Taheite*; and at *Papetoai* in this island. TRULY, "THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD US!" God has indeed done great things here, in a civil, moral, and religious view. The people here exhibit as literal and pleasing a proof being "turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God," as can be conceived.

A nation of pilferers have become eminently trust-worthy. A people formerly universally addicted to lasciviousness in all its forms, have become modest and virtuous in the highest degree—those who, a few years ago, despised all forms of religion except their own horrid and cruel superstitions, have universally declared their approbation of Christianity; study diligently those parts of the Christian Scriptures which have been translated for them—ask earnestly for more, and appear conscientiously to regulate themselves by those sacred oracles, under the direction of their kind teachers, whose self-denying zeal and perseverance have been almost as remarkable as the success with which God has been pleased to honour them.

This is the victory that overcometh the world. Here is an answer to infidelity that is calculated to stagger its disbelief in the mighty power of "PREACHING and LIVING the Gospel." It is true there are not many in our land who boldly and openly profess to disbelieve the Bible, but there *are* many who deny that the Gospel has any power to improve the condition of the heathen, who deny that it is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe. This species of infidelity assumes a thousand shapes, in order to deride the missionary cause; in order to excuse its want of Christian charity; and, in order to gratify its selfish desires. Should this article meet the eye of any one who has heretofore held this subject so cheap as to brand it with error and delusion, we pray he will study the history of this mission, with much care and attention, and see if that scripture be not fulfilled, which says, "In that day a man shall cast his idols to the moles and to the bats."

The deputation found the missionaries, generally, in good health. Two of the late missionaries, Messrs. Bicknell and Tessier,

Have departed to their heavenly rest and gracious reward, leaving behind them very satisfactory evidence that "the good hope through grace" which had supported them through life, could support them also in the hour of death.

The king was unwell, and was at this island when we arrived in Taheite. He soon made two obliging communications to us, through our excellent friend Mr. Nott, in which he expressed his hope of soon being over at Matavai to receive us. On finding, however, that Pomare rather grew worse than better, we came over to Eimeo, and were received by him with the utmost demonstrations of kindness, and with marked tokens of respect; Messrs. Nott and Henry accompanying us, and interpreting for us. His information, for a person who has read only the Taheitan language, appeared to us considerable, from the questions he asked respecting our Society's labours, their success, and their intended fields of labour; also his inquiries respecting the civil affairs of England and of Europe.

Pomare died on the 6th of December, and left directions that his infant son should be acknowledged as sovereign; that the queen and her sister should remain at Taheite, having the care of the son and daughter, and govern the kingdom with the advice of the principal chiefs. This arrangement gave general satisfaction, and encouraged the hope that all things would go on well. The King had been a steady friend to the missionaries.

The translations and printing are going on well. Matthew and John are printed in the Taheitan language, and are in innumerable hands. The books of Genesis, Joshua, the Psalms, Isaiah, the Acts, the Epistle to the Romans, and the other Epistles are in course of translation, and are waiting the mutual corrections of the brethren. The grammar and dictionary are not in so forward a state; but both these are so important, that we hope to make a more encouraging report of their progress at no distant period.

Our hearts have been rejoiced to find that those labourers in the Lord's vineyard here, with whom we have had intercourse, appear to be, generally speaking, of the right stamp, holding forth the truth in their public and private teaching, and exemplifying the holy Gospel in their life and conversation. We must also add, that the general intelligence and good sense which we find among them is highly gratifying to us.

With the various appearances and productions of these delightful islands, which the Lord hath blest, we cannot now entertain you by any descriptions; indeed they are, in many respects, so entirely *sui generis*, that vision only can convey an adequate idea of their fertility, beauty, and sublimity.

It is found unadvisable, and in part, impracticable, to attempt at present any manufactory on a large scale; but the king and chiefs have approved of setting up the little cotton work, and Messrs. Blossom and Armitage are just now getting into their houses, which the chiefs have provided for them, close to the stream in Taheite, where the mill is immediately to be erected.

The progress made by the natives in the arts of civilized life are quite encouraging. The females manufacture bonnets in the English form, and many of the men are also partly clothed in the English dress. Commercial attempts had been made by the king and chiefs, but not with much success. Of the marks of general improvement it is said:

Better houses and chapels having been built, or in preparation for being built at nearly every station—rapid improvement in reading and writing. European dresses partially superseding the Tabeitan—the chiefs ingeniously and diligently building their own boats in the European form, with European tools.—Many cultivating tobacco and sugar, and nearly all manufacturing cocoa-nut oil.

Among other marks of improvement, we must mention a road, which is already made to a considerable extent, and which is intended to go round the whole island. This is of very great and obvious importance. It has been formed by persons who were punished, according to the new laws, for evil doing; and the intention is, that it shall be completed by persons of that description. It is remarkable that these persons have no need to be superintended in their labour, but they uniformly perform the portion of work allotted to them. Before this, there was no road in any part of the island, except the narrow winding tracks by which the natives found their way from one place to another.

Mr. Armitage, a cotton manufacturer, who went out with the deputation, states that the "people assemble every morning at sunrise, for singing and prayer, and reading those parts of the Scriptures which have been translated. And, except Saturday evening, which is occupied in providing for the Sabbath, there is scarcely a person seen without the Hymn Book and Testament, both morning and evening. The Sabbath is almost entirely spent in the school or public worship;" and it is said that in the outward observance of the Sabbath, the king set them a most excellent example. In their third letter Messrs. Bennet and Tyerman say:

Every thing around bears the marks of great improvement among the natives, their enclosures, their plastered houses, their manners, and especially their dress, which is as much European as they can obtain, by purchase, the means of making it. Indeed on Sabbath day, in the noble place of worship, (which is well built and plastered, well floored with timber, and of which considerable part is neatly pewed) the chiefs, and great numbers of the principal people, were dressed quite in the English manner from head to foot. We spent a delightful Sabbath here;—there were not fewer than 1200 persons present at each of the services, conducted after the English mode, but of course in the Tabeitan language. At noon, we had the pleasure to meet 7 or 800 persons in one of the school-rooms; 400 of these were children of the most interesting appearance, of from 6 years old to 15 or 16; the others consisted of adults, who attend, it seems, with remarkable diligence on the Sabbath day for religious instruction, and every other day of the week, except Saturday, for instruction in reading and writing, and for instruction also in religion. On Monday, we were invited to meet the king and queen—the chiefs—

the communicants—the baptized—and others in the chapel. At this meeting our hearts were almost overwhelmed with pleasure of the highest order. There were about 1000 persons present; and when each of us had spoken to them, and our kind friends had interpreted our speeches, we were addressed by four of their orators; one of these was the king, (Mahine) two other chiefs, and the fourth was a deacon of the Church, and a teacher in the schools,—a man of exemplary piety and amiable deportment. Indeed we cannot conceive of countenances expressive of more benevolence, even in our own favoured country, than those of two of these speakers; and they all spoke so evidently from the heart, that we felt moved by their speeches even before they were interpreted to us; and when they were explained, we found they were highly creditable both to their heads and hearts.

Our greatest delight is, after that arising from the apparent piety of many of the natives, to behold such respect and attachment manifested to the missionaries here, and the desire expressed in other places to obtain missionaries. We think this is a pleasing indication of the Divine favour toward the good cause, in which you and the Society have the happiness to be engaged.

At page 272 of this volume, we gave a full account of the renunciation of idolatry in the island of Rurutu. When the boats returned to Raiatea with the idols, a general desire prevailed to see these trophies of victory—these objects of adoration. To gratify all, and fan the missionary flame, the large place of worship was lighted up with wooden chandeliers, and cocoa-nut shells for lamps, and after an appropriate religious service by the missionaries,

The several idols were exposed to view by three of the deacons. The first was the great national god TAAROA, which was exhibited by *Paumoana*. This idol is a rude figure, made of plaited sinnett, in the shape of a man, with an opening down the front, through which it was filled with little gods, or the family gods of the old chiefs, the points of spears, old slings, &c. of ancient warriors. It was really laughable to see him take little gods by the dozen out of the great god, and hold them up to public view. He made some appropriate remarks on the great power of Jehovah in turning that people from dumb idols, saying that it was not by human strength. Formerly, he observed, war must have ensued, and blood must have been shed before the evil spirits would have been given up; but these had been obtained without either, by the power of God alone.

Temaui then arose and exhibited ROOTEABU, an idol inferior to the former, and made some suitable remarks.

Uacva next exhibited all the *family gods*, turning them first to one side and then to the other, inviting every eye to behold them; and remarked on the superiority of this war to all the wars in which they had ever been engaged, ascribing the victory to Jesus, the great conqueror.

Of *Rimatura*, another is land, about 40 miles from Rurutu, it is reported that numbers have renounced idolatry, and "received books, and said they would go to their chief, and persuade him also to receive and learn the word of God. Auura,

the Chief of Rurutu, is very diligent in teaching his countrymen to read. "He goes from house to house every night and morning, performing family prayer for them!"

"That which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider." "Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE missions under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, are daily increasing in interest, and are daily making the most encouraging progress. This remark, we are happy to say, applies to the missions established for the Indians of the east, the Indians of the west, the inhabitants of Asia, and, especially, the natives of the Sandwich Islands. While years of arduous labour, and unceasing perseverance, were required of the London Society, and their missionaries, before the light of the Gospel dispelled the thick cloud which covered the people of the Society Islands, the labourers in the Sandwich Islands met the dawn of the same glorious light at their very landing. They and their patrons can say of a truth, before we called, the Lord did answer; and while we were yet speaking, the Lord did hear. The life of the faithful missionary, however, is not in any case without its trials and its difficulties: they must "go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, if they would come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

But here we regret to say opposition comes from those who have had the privilege of living in Christian countries, as well as from the natives. This subject is thus noticed by the Editor of the *Missionary Herald*:

Though the missionaries had experienced many acts of kindness from various classes of persons at the islands, yet there had been instances of opposition to the progress of divine truth. It is well known to all those who are acquainted with the islands of the Pacific, that in most of them are to be found unhappy men, who have run away from the restraints of civilized society, and wish to practise wickedness without reproof and without shame. Among the multitude of occasional visitors, it is to be expected that there should be some of a similar character. But the very existence of a virtuous little community before their eyes, is in itself a keen reproof.

We are not to wonder, therefore, that attempts should be made, by a part of the foreigners resident at the Sandwich Islands, to embarrass the operations of the missionaries, by exciting distrust in the minds of the chiefs and the people. Trials of this kind are to be endured almost as a matter of course. It is to be observed, however, that bad men are not apt to acquire and retain influence, even among the most untutored people; and that the Lord of missions is able to defeat, in a thousand ways, the machinations of his enemies.

The journal of the missionaries kept at Woahoo, published in the *Missionary Herald*, furnishes many interesting particulars which we shall proceed to notice.

Halo, a chief who had been sick several months, was visited almost daily by Thomas Hopoo, who laboured to impress him with divine truth, with encouraging success. He gave some evidence of piety.

In conversation with brother Loomis, he said he was vile,—that there was nothing good in him; but he desired Jehovah to take possession of his heart; that he was willing to commit his all to him. He seems to have a great reverence for the Bible. One day, Hopoo found him asleep, with the Bible pressed to his bosom. Being afterwards asked, why he did so, he replied, that “he loved Jehovah, and wished to be with him.” When he eats and drinks, he uniformly gives thanks to Jehovah. How does the conduct of this chief condemn thousands, who have the Bible, and are able to read it.

Something of the barbarity of these people may be learned from the following incident, related by Mr. Young:

A man and wife having determined to separate, each insisted on having a child, which had been born to them. The father kept it for awhile, then the mother got possession of it; the father took it away again; and so things went on, till the father, to end the dispute, knocked the child on the head, and thus put an immediate end to its life.

A house of worship, 54 feet by 22, was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on the 15th of September, 1821—the first which has been consecrated to this holy use in the Sandwich Islands. The next day, meeting was held in the church, and a son of Mr. Chamberlain received the ordinance of baptism. We observe with pleasure, that the Lord has raised up many friends to the missionaries among the officers of the numerous whale ships that visit these islands. A very friendly intercourse subsists between them, and a number of them have made liberal donations for building the church, supporting the schools, and adding to the comforts of the missionaries. The proposed visit to the Society Islands, mentioned in a former number, has been relinquished.

Brother and sister Bingham returned from Atooi in Tamoree's brig, after an absence of four months. They have done much good there, in strengthening and encouraging the brethren; though, by reason of foreign influence, they have not accomplished their intended voyage to the Society Isles. But it is all for the best. The purposes of heaven are accomplished by the delay. We are not without hopes that we shall be permitted to visit those now favoured isles, at some future period. It still appears to us highly desirable; and all the objections which have been made against it, have not, in the least, altered our opinion on the subject. It would be of very great service to us, if we could now be put in possession of the elementary books and translations of the missionaries there. But we must wait with patience; and if it is best that we should receive such helps, the way will be opened, and the means for obtaining them will be put into our hands.

The missionaries received intelligence of the lamented death of Dr. Worcester, with feelings that indicated the warmest personal attachment, and a high estimation of his many excellencies and great worth in the missionary cause.

While the ladies were preparing a letter, and a small list of articles needed for the mission, to send to Mrs. Arthur, and other ladies of Nantucket, which, being done at the instance of Captains Arthur and Allen, they regard as the commencement of an interesting correspondence with the inhabitants of that place, an acceptable present, valued at \$25, was received, with the following note:

"Hannah Holmes's respectful compliments to the ladies of the mission family,—asks their acceptance of one piece of seersucker, and requests her kind and affectionate instructor, Mrs. Bingham, to accept one small chest of pearl, gunpowder tea. She would also add, she can never forget the kind exertions that have been made by you all, for her improvement." The sentiments of this note, we regard, rather as a pleasant index to the feelings, than as a fair specimen of the attainments of one of our pupils.*

Nov. 22, 1821. Tapoole, the ex-queen of Atooi, with her paramour Kaere-ohoo-nooe, and Telalah, another rejected wife of Tamoree, with a few attendants, visited the family. They have ever manifested a disposition favourable to the mission, and it seems not to be altered by any late events. Kaere-ohoo-nooe was attracted by the terrestrial globe, and examined it with attention. As brother B. was attempting to explain the figure and motion of the earth, one of the attendants, a native, called Winship, said: "If the earth rolled round we should all be dizzy headed."

Dec. 3. The Superb, a schooner lately built at Atooi, arrived with letters from the brethren there. Mr. Whitney writes to Mr. Thurston as follows: "Since brother Bingham left us, there has been no material change in our affairs. We can still speak of nothing but mercies. We are treated with much respect and kindness by governor Cox. Scarcely a day passes but he sends us some token of his friendship. He has not the influence, however, over the natives which Tamoree had, but is gaining popularity. Tamoree is much wanted."

"A few days since, Tupea, one of the principal chiefs, murdered his wife. He was intoxicated at the time. This dreadful evil of intemperance, is quite fashionable here. We fear the consequences. Still, this place is probably a kind of paradise, compared with Hanaroorrah."

"As it regards the prosperity of this station, one thing, a *sine qua non*, is wanting; viz. a minister of the Gospel. Our eyes are all fixed upon you, and we should hail your arrival with the most heartfelt gratitude. Should it not meet your views, however, and the approbation of the brethren, we must submit to your better judgment."

6. Favoured with a polite call of capt. Seischmareff and three of his officers, who arrived in port yesterday, from the north, in one of the Russian ships of discovery. They have all been favoured with health and prosperity, and still exhibit a very pleasing and cheerful aspect.

9. Sabbath. At the close of the service, brother Bingham administered the ordinance of baptism, and the infant daughter of bro-

* The note was probably dictated, if not written, by some American. Ed. M. H

ther and sister Thurston, named *Persis Goodell*, was solemnly dedicated to Christ.

12. The brig *Owhyhee*, capt. Henry, from Boston, arrived with letters, newspapers, and pamphlets for us, announcing the arrival and gladsome reception, at Boston, of our communications by the *Levant*, the *Clarion*, the *Ann*, and the *Volunteer*, refreshing us with intelligence of signal mercies bestowed on the churches of our land, on the several missions under the direction of the Board, and the various other laudable enterprises in the promotion of human happiness; warming our hearts by kind expressions of the liveliest interest, joy and hope, with respect to the arrival, establishment, and prospects of this mission. We would unite with our friends, in devout thanksgiving to the great Head of the church, and unceasingly ascribe to him all the glory. Let us be humble, and watch unto prayer, remembering the days of adversity; they too may be many.

14. Second quarterly examination for the second year. Present—Lieutenant Boyle, two physicians, and a midshipman, of the Russian ships of discovery, Messrs. Davis, Hunnewell, Conant, Dana, and Harwood. Several of these gentlemen expressed their satisfaction in seeing the specimens of improvement exhibited in spelling, reading the Scriptures, writing, &c. *Isaac*, a native of the N. W. coast, of a tribe not far from Nootka Sound, exhibited a drawing of our little establishment, and several flowers prettily painted, bearing marks of original genius. *Samoa*, a native of Otaheite, who is attached to the family by the express direction of Governor Cox and Kaahoomanoo, beside spelling a lesson in English, read with facility a page or two from an Otaheitan Catechism. *William Beals*, was examined in spelling and reading, in the vernacular tongue; *Nathaniel Chamberlain*, in geography and penmanship; *James Kahookoo*, the king's young friend, read, with tolerable facility, a paragraph of Scripture, and exhibited a copy book which does credit to his genius and industry. The pupils answered a number of questions in Scripture history, and in Watts's Catechism. At the close of the pleasant interview, the school, and its patrons, and the nation, were commended to God in prayer.

While the brethren were present, a youth sat down in the door completely in the native habit, but seemed to take no notice of them, and it was with difficulty that they, at last, were able to recognize him to be William Tennoe, the subject of so many prayers, favours, instructions, and distinguished privileges. He has, for a considerable time, lived at Wiani. He shuns our society, and we are pained to say, gives no evidence of a disposition to return to give glory to God, and to pay to the Lord his vows. Several letters from American friends to William, have been carried him by Hopoo and Honoree, who seem deeply to lament his fall.

As the brethren met with commodore Vassicleff this morning, he remarked, with reference to the late numbers of the *Missionary Herald*, and *Boston Recorder*, which he had received from them, that he found little but accounts of Missionary and Bible Societies—nothing of wars and battles in Europe. Happy indeed, if this might be

the grand characteristic of newspapers henceforth, till all nations should rejoice together in the permanent and universal peace of Christ's kingdom.

UNITED STATES.—UNION MISSION.

THE friends of the Osage and Cherokee missions will be gratified to learn that hostilities between these tribes of Indians have been suspended; and that through the agency of Governor Miller, and the government agent, Mr. Philbrook, there is a well grounded hope that permanent peace, which the Osages so much desire, will be soon established among them.* The American Missionary Register for September and October, contains the journal of this mission for the months of March, April, and May, 1822—from which we have drawn a summary of the most important events during that period.

Early in April, the Osages sent "a talk" to the governor, in which "they express their loyalty to the government of the United States. They say, 'Whom shall we hold by the hand, if not our great Father, the President?' Their talk breathes the spirit of peace." They are not so well prepared for war as the Cherokees: although more numerous, they have not the same means for purchasing powder.

The latest intelligence (June 26th) represents the mission family as enjoying general health, and their success as promising as might reasonably be expected, considering the prejudices of the natives, and other difficulties which they have to encounter. Finding it necessary to procure funds to the amount of three thousand dollars, to discharge some debts, and carry on the business of the mission, Mr. Chapman left the station on the 6th of March, and travelling as far as New-Orleans, succeeded in obtaining money (amount not mentioned) for the mission, and arrived safely at his home on the 28th of May. The supplies from New-York and New-Orleans had reached the Post of Arkansaw, except a case of hardware, which was lost in the Mississippi. Mr. Chapman received many marks of friendship from the officers of the garrison, which consists of 250 soldiers, under Colonel Arbuckle, and their offer to forward letters, &c., to the mission.

As an instance of the extreme ignorance and superstition of the natives, we quote the following from the April journal.

April 18. An Osage and his wife came in this evening, on their way to the trading house, with a few skins, to purchase a blanket. This man is a Wok-kun-duk-ka, or conjurer, or, as the interpreter calls him, a medicine man, one who deals in strange arts.

19. This evening put a number of questions to this Osage, to find out his views about religion. In answer to the question, "Who made the world?" he said, "he did not know!" We find the Osages place great stress on dreams. These they look upon as a kind of revelation. They are much influenced by a dream, in their most important measures. The Indian told some strange stories, and offered to play some tricks.

* Since writing the above, we understand that letters have been received, stating that a treaty of peace, of which the government of the United States is the guardian, has been concluded between these nations.

Some of the sick and wounded were brought to the mission house, and received medical aid. After Dr. Palmer had done something for them, they said their own doctors were worth nothing. A contract was proposed to the Mission by Gov. Miller, to have their blacksmith do 120 dollars' worth of work per annum, for the Osages, and this being acceded to by the former, the latter brought great numbers of axes, guns, &c., to be repaired. Their hunting being interrupted by the war, considerable distress ensued for the want of food, which the missionaries relieved. Hitherto the natives have held but little intercourse with the mission family, but these circumstances, together with the uniform kindness of the missionaries, whose constant attention to their complaints, and supplying their wants as far as practicable, they could not but feel, has rendered them more familiar, and their visits to the mission have become frequent. Besides, their confidence in these white friends, and the "good Society" that sent them, is greatly increased.

The chiefs, Clamore and Tally, were sent for to visit the mission, before they went out on the summer's hunt, and on 9th of May they arrived at the mission house, with their wives and several children, and the next day a council was held.

After some general discussion of the subject, respecting the design of our coming, we put the question in direct terms—Is there any thing but the war that keeps back your children? They replied to the following effect: "We know you came a great distance to teach us; we know that good people sent you here, and expected we should give you our children before now. We have heard that other Indians send their children to the missionaries. All this is good. But we don't know what may happen to ours. We have been deceived. The Cherokees came upon us last fall, and destroyed many lives, and carried off our women and children, because the white chief at the Poteau, (meaning major Bradford,) did not send word as he engaged to do. We were not on our guard. Our people are afraid it may be so if their children come to live with you. But you must not leave us on this account. It is our prayer to the Great Spirit, that you may accomplish your object. As you have said, that you prayed God for us that we may be happy, so we have prayed that you may prosper. You must not blame us; but you must blame the people below, (meaning the Cherokees.) It is owing to them that our children are not in your school." In the course of this talk we presented the chiefs with sashes sent out by our friend, Mr. Little, of New-York, and gave a piece of the same cloth to their wives. They acknowledged the favour, and said when they held a council with white chiefs, they would wear their belts, that it might be seen that all the good white people were their friends. Having concluded this talk, we determined hereafter to labour with the chiefs and others, as individuals, and to go on with an unhesitating step, in attempting to gain their children.

May 11.—Clamore says but little, and nothing encouraging, but Tally speaks more favourably. He has brought three daughters and a son, all promising children. We have urged him to leave these. His son told us he wished to stay. We immediately laid hold of this,

and put in a plea, which we think cannot be resisted. His father has gone so far as to say, "I will leave him with you before we go out on our hunt." "This," said he, "is the truth, I will not deceive you." We have some hope that he intends to leave one of his daughters.

13.—The subject was again introduced this morning, when Tally, after some minutes of deep thought, inquired, how long do you wish to have him tarry. We replied, till he becomes a man, and learns what we know. He then said, "take him, *he is your son*. I will not take him from you." This youth is about 15 years of age, is remarkably pleasant in his disposition, and has an active mind. Being the oldest son of the second chief, a man who has great influence with his people, we are hoping that others will soon follow the noble example. This child we have named *Phikip Milledoler*. His original name is Woh-sis-ter, which reminded us of the Rev. Dr. Worcester, that ardent and venerable friend of the heathen, who now rests from his labours. O God of our salvation, be pleased to bless the young chief, and in due time make him a leader of righteousness and true piety to his people. The chiefs and the greater part of the Indians left us for their village.

27.—Tally's wife came to-day to see her son, before they go out on their hunt. At first we felt a little suspicious that she might have come to take him away. Instead of this, however, she exhorted him to be contented. Never was more affection towards this family expressed, than she manifested. We have great reason to respect this woman. She has great influence over her children, as appeared evident from her conduct towards them when she came with her husband two weeks since. How many professedly Christian mothers fall behind her in maternal ascendancy.

30.—We had an interesting interview with Tally this morning. Yesterday he seemed to hesitate a little about continuing his son with us. He said the people laughed at him, and called him a man of no sense, for giving his son to the missionaries to become a white man. We told him that if the Indians laughed a little now, he should not mind it. They would soon see that he was a man of great sense. If he changed his mind, and took away his son, they would laugh at him so much the more. His son, for a few minutes, seemed to hesitate, and said it would be better to go out and eat buffalo; but Tally's wife remained firm. After a few minutes he replied, "What you have said is good. My son shall stay; and this other boy, a relation of mine, (for he had brought over another boy, with a view to leave him, if Woh-sis-ter tarried,) shall be your son. Take good care of them. Do not let them talk Osage, but teach them English. Don't make them half Osage, but make them white men wholly. Give them a full dress; take off their humpass (mockasins) and put on stockings and shoes. I want to see them dressed before I leave you, so that I may not weep when I am on my hunt." We immediately complied with his wishes, and presented the boys in full dress. He was pleased and satisfied, and left us with a cheerful heart. This triumph we would ascribe to Him who gives or withholds his favour as he pleases. The second child we have named *Robert*

Monroe,* in compliance with the request of the Female Auxiliary Society of Georgetown, who have pledged the sum of thirty dollars annually for the support of a boy by this name.

After a long dark night, the Osage people begin to enjoy the light of the Gospel. A promising young chief has come forward. Two lovely young boys have entered our family and school under circumstances quite encouraging to our hearts.† Let the prayers of the Christian community rise continually to God for these dear youth, especially for the young chief, that he may become an instrument of immense good to the Osage nation.

NEW-YORK BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

From the Annual Report of this Society, we make the following extract.

Some of our ministers, venerable for their years, crowned with honours in their Master's service, and rich in faith and good works, are soon to be gathered to their fathers; and who will supply their places here, when they shall have been received into their rest in heaven? Shall the Church mourn as a solitary widow, and shall there be none of her sons to guide her, to lead her by the hand, to break unto her the bread of life, and to "draw water out of the wells of salvation?" Nay, verily, for God hath promised to be with his ministers until the end of the world. God gives the harvest, but man puts in the sickle. God gives rain and sunshine, but man must break up the fallow ground and sow the seed, and that not among thorns. God will doubtless call his servants by his Spirit, and qualify them by his grace; but it is the duty of the Church to call them to their station, and invest them with their office. While, therefore, we totally disclaim the idea of calling these whom God has not called—while, in the language of inspiration, we fearlessly assert that "no man" rightly "taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron," "It is the proper business of Churches to seek out and foster rising talents—to ascertain whether there are not among themselves some, who, by certain indubitable indications, are designated for the sacred office. It is the proper business of the aged and experienced to look out those young men whose hearts God has excited in the great and good cause, and help them on their way. Many are chilled by the cold blast of poverty—many are restrained by the strong hand of necessity—many are deterred by extreme diffidence and timidity, and many are not yet convinced of the duty to which God has called them. Such need advice, and encouragement, and instruction—need to be called and educated, and prepared for the service of the sanctuary. The young who communicate their feelings freely with each other, may often discover the duty of a fellow youth before it is known even to himself. Such youth should then be brought to the elders, that they may inquire of the Lord for him, and send him to labour in the vineyard. Young men of piety and hopeful promise should consider themselves, in this respect, the property of the Church, and her servants for Christ's

* See a memoir of this good man in the C. H. Vol. VIII. p. 129.

† Two others have since been received into the school.

sake. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you those whom we may appoint; and let them be trained to the service of the altar, that they may in due time be God's ministers attending continually on this very thing.

The faculty of instruction, by a late election of the Board of Trustees, consists of REV. JOHN STANFORD, A. M. *President and Professor of Theology*—REV. ARCHIBALD MACLAY, A. M., *Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Literature*—MR. DANIEL H. BARNES, A. M., *Professor of Languages*—who have already entered on the duties of their professorships.

NEWARK DAY FREE SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Christian Herald.

SIR,—I have been forcibly struck with the advantages which a community would derive in a religious and moral point of view, if more attention were paid to schools for the instruction of children. The word of God and all experience testifies to the truth, that, if we “train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it.” Yet in a land professing to be Christian, how little is this encouraging precept acted on. We see the astonishing effect which has attended the establishment of Sunday Schools, yet with this wonderful instance of divine goodness before us, how little influence has it had in making religious instruction more an object in our week-day schools. We are attentive to send the Gospel to the heathen, and to the establishment of schools in foreign lands, as a source from whence missionaries may be raised from among themselves to teach the word of God, and to preach the glad tidings of salvation; yet how neglectful are we in the application of the obvious advantage it would be among ourselves. It is much to be lamented that many professors of religion act with as little apparent regard to the rising generation, as if religion would die with themselves. It is much on their lips but little in their practice. It is the prerogative of God to search the heart, but it is the motives which influence the life, by which man forms his estimate of his fellow men. We know a man “may give all he has to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, and have not charity:” yet with this blessed principle in the heart, a cup of cold water, given for the Saviour's sake, will not pass unrewarded.

I have the pleasure to state that a school has been formed in this place, which has religious instruction for its basis. It is conducted on the Lancastrian system, and confined to female children whose parents are not in circumstances to afford them the advantages of education. The number is upwards of one hundred. The common branches of education and needlework are taught, and to instill into the infant mind principles of sound morality, and lay a foundation of industry and usefulness, are the great objects in view. It is superintended by ladies of piety and respectability, who visit the school

twice in the week, and whose active benevolence is well seconded in the teacher.

“Delightful task to rear the tender plant,
To teach the infant mind to soar to heaven.”

They have assumed a responsible and most important trust, but where the heart and the hands are sincerely engaged for the glory of God, and the best interest of immortal souls, success will infallibly be the result. How exalted the honour, to be instrumental in training up children to the knowledge of Him who died to redeem them, and who holds out the delightful encouragement “suffer little children to come unto me.” May He animate and strengthen them in their labour of love : may they enjoy the pleasing hope that they will meet in heaven with some—with many—who in this seminary received the seed into their hearts, which will bloom through eternity.

The good which may result under the smiles of Providence from this institution, is incalculable. It will be a social link, connecting different classes of society in kind feelings of sympathy and mutual affection, which ought ever to prevail in the great family of mankind. An interest in the child will naturally lead to an interest in the family of which the child is a member, and be a happy mean of introduction to a knowledge of the circumstances and wants of the family, without giving umbrage or offence.

It will be inferred that this seminary has originated in the pious munificence of age and experience—very far from it. God works by instruments often different from what the sagacity of man would contrive, and in this instance, as if to humble spiritual pride, He has put it into the heart of a youth, who, I believe, has made no profession of religion, to plan, to organize, and establish it at his own expense.

Newark, N. J. Oct. 21, 1822.

A. B.

SUMMARY.

The Synod of New-York and New-Jersey, at their late meeting, voted to divide the Synod, so as to constitute a “Synod of New-York,” and a “Synod of New-Jersey.” This measure will probably receive the sanction of the General Assembly at their next session. We hope to lay the Report of Synod before our readers, in the next number.

New Church. The corner stone of the Bowery Presbyterian Church was laid on Thursday, the 24th of October. Introductory prayer by the Rev. Mr. Cox—Address, (in which the need of more churches in our city was clearly shown,) by the Rev. W. Stafford, Minister of the Church—Concluding prayer by the Rev. Mr. Patton.

The Fever. The number of cases of yellow fever, in this city, reported to the Board of Health, up to the 26th of October, is 401, and the number of deaths 230. The same disease is making great ravages at New-Orleans, and at Pensacola.

Errata. The article in No. 209, on the Theatre, should have been credited to the “*London Friendly Visiter.*” In this number, at p. 365, for “South Sea Islands” read *Society Islands*.

Seaman's Magazine.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they [sailors] glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. *Psalms.*

THOMAS CURRY, THE PIOUS KEELMAN.

THE BLESSINGS of POVERTY and of AFFLICTION form a class of human mercies which are but little valued. The exemption from the snare of RICHES, and from the difficulties and dangers, and curses which they can, and too often *do*, procure to the soul, is seldom considered; whilst the inconveniences, and disadvantages, and sufferings of want, are rarely viewed in connexion with that confidence in God, and that looking for another and happier world, to which they are meant to lead. The awful declaration, "*How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven,*" is admitted only as an unwelcome or overstrained truth, and one which we should be glad of an opportunity to *disprove*; whilst another divine declaration, full of grace and mercy, that "THE POOR" "*God had chosen to be rich in faith, and heirs of his kingdom,*" is heard with cold indifference, or with an anxious hope that we may never be in circumstances to claim its peculiar blessings.

One consideration shall be mentioned which should teach the poor to *reverence* their condition; and that is, that when THE SAVIOUR OF MEN, the Lord and Maker of the universe, (John i. 3. Colos. i. 16. Heb. i. 2.) descended from Heaven to take upon Him our form, to the end, that he might make atonement for our sins, and at once satisfy the *justice*, and secure to us the *mercy*, of God, he chose to become A POOR MAN. He who might have claimed the loftiest throne on earth for his footstool, and commanded into his attendance the whole host of Heaven, is at first heard of as being "*laid in a manger,*" and afterwards frequently not having *even such a place* wherein to repose his wearied frame—as voluntarily enduring, for our sakes, all the hardships, and necessities, and sufferings, of the humblest condition in life. By such an act he ennobled poverty, he dignified the lowest state of want and necessity, and for ever swept away all plea for murmuring, or repining at the providential occurrence of these to others.

THOMAS CURRY was a poor man, and, at different periods of his life, was reduced to *extreme poverty*. Yet his situation was *exactly that* which an all-wise and merciful God saw it best to place him in.

He was born in Framwellgate, in the city of DURHAM, in the year 1752, and being one of a numerous family, (the youngest of 15 children,) he was from boyhood sent out to labour for his own subsistence. He continued, during his youth, working at husbandry business in the neighbourhood of DURHAM, and at FERRYHILL; after which he was a short time employed in the keels on the river Tyne, and went to work at the Alum Works, near WHITBY.

Up to this time, the period of manhood, there is every reason to believe that he was sober, honest, and industrious, moral in his conduct, and conscientious in the discharge of whatever presented itself in the form of duty. But he was unenlightened, untaught of God, unconverted, unsaved—nay unsuspecting that he was by nature “a child of wrath, and an heir of hell,” and wholly unacquainted with the awful import of that declaration of the Son of God, “except a man be BORN AGAIN,” be he *who* he may, or *what* he may, “he CANNOT see the kingdom of God.” (John iii. 3.)

In his new situation, Thomas was noticed by a Mr. R——, a gentleman who had formerly been a purser in the navy, but was then in the employment of Lord M., and who invited him to go to a neighbouring village, to hear a sermon from Mr. ——. Thomas was struck with the concern thus shown for him, and went; and in one short, happy hour, it pleased God, by the preaching of his servant, to show him the moral *blindness* in which he had hitherto lived, ignorant of himself and of God, and of every thing that affected his eternal condition—and to open to him the glorious plan of redemption by JESUS CHRIST, giving new views to his understanding, new attractions to his heart, and from that hour, a new direction to his whole life.

He continued for some months, it is believed, a sincere seeker of salvation, diligently waiting on the Lord in his various ordinances, and especially in that of private prayer, assured that “the Lord is good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to *all* that call upon him,” (Ps. lxxx. 5.) that “whosoever shall call upon His name shall be saved.” (Rom. x. 13.)

It was under a sermon, in the year 1791, at SWALWELL, near NEWCASTLE (to which place he had then removed,) that these promises were made good to him, and that he was numbered among the rejoicing heirs of salvation. No sooner was the text pronounced, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee,” than he was filled with joy unspeakable, in the divine assurance, that his sins were pardoned, through the merits of his SAVIOUR, and his name was written in His “Book of Life.” Though previously “tied and bound with the chain of his sins,” God of “the pitifulness of his great mercy loosed” him, and gave him blessedly to prove that “he whom the Son makes free, is free *indeed*.” His soul now “magnified the Lord,” and his “spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.” To use his own simple language, “his heart was like to jump out of his body.” For long after, whenever he mentioned this, his bursting heart found relief alone in a torrent of tears. Nor was it to be wondered at. It was the dawning of *eternal day* upon his soul. It was the first influx of that *sacred bliss* which was to be consummated in everlasting glory. It was the commencement of the *bright visions of Faith*, at times, indeed, to be shrouded and bedimmed by the intervening veil of the flesh, but which were ultimately to be matured into the pure spiritual *sight* of the grandeur and sublimities of HEAVEN, in all their glorious effulgence.

Thomas now ran with delight in the way of God’s commands. Prayer and praise formed the very “meat and drink” of his soul; and so much so, that one of his old religious associates remarks, that, when even *weary with labour*, he often forgot his necessary food whilst talking of the

amazing goodness of God to *him*, a poor miserable sinner, and of the infinite love of CHRIST in having given himself for *him*, and in having "opened his eyes, and turned him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," and in having blessed him with "the forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith in Christ." (Acts xxvi. 18.) He now *enjoyed* the "communion of saints;" he *felt* "the forgiveness of sins;" and looked with feelings of holy exultation to death, judgment, and "eternal life." He had now "meat to eat," which the world "knew not of;" and he knew that it was the will of God "*evermore*" to break to him "this bread," that he might "eat and live for ever." He now understood what it was to "feed on CHRIST in his heart, by faith, with thanksgiving," and daily to derive from him succours of spiritual strength, and health, and life.

From this time to the period of his death, all who knew him concur in testifying that his whole life was characterized by great seriousness and devotedness to God, sincerity, simplicity, and an extraordinary *tenderness of spirit*.

His life, however, was not to be a scene of unmixed enjoyment; on the contrary, he was at last to be found among those that have "come out of GREAT TRIBULATION." Bodily diseases, domestic trials, *reduced circumstances* almost to absolute *want*, uncertain employment, and imminent dangers, were his appointed portion; but, strong in the faith of CHRIST, and living in close communion with HIM, he came off "*more than conqueror*" from them all.

Often than once, his life was attempted by persons extremely opposed to him on account of his religious profession, and jealous because of the kind attentions that were shown him. But the safeguard of the "*everlasting arms*" was around him.

On one occasion, he had gone down, in his keel, to SHIELDS, when a man in a neighbouring keel, in a fit of anger, from some imagined cause, seized a boathook, and made a thrust at him. Good Thomas, partly perhaps in self defence, and partly from being stung with the injustice of such treatment, stooped to snatch up a large coal to throw at him. Immediately that passage rushed into his mind, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He dropped the coal, jumped down into his little cabin, got upon his knees, and though the blood was streaming from his side, prayed so loud and so long for the man who had injured him (—true spirit of his SAVIOUR—) that the captain of the ship alongside of which he was, and his wife, overheard him, and had him taken on board, and after dressing his wound, being themselves pious people, they all joined in prayer together; and Thomas was accustomed afterwards to observe, that he had never enjoyed a happier season in his whole life. He said it was to him "*a heaven begun on earth.*"

Thomas continued to reside at SWALWELL for five or six years, during which time he married (and subsequently had nine children :) he afterwards removed to near the OUSE BURN, in the neighbourhood of NEWCASTLE, where he remained till his death.

The disease by which it pleased God to take him to himself, was for some time obscure, but at length proved to be a very painful

affection of the heart, producing dropsy, and general weakness. To the last, he was a child of sorrow and of mercy. His sufferings were great ; but every alleviation that Christian sympathy could obtain for him was had ; and a pledge was given that were his illness protracted, the assistance rendered should not be withdrawn.

During the early part of his illness he often said, he had " much rather die than live," if it were the will of God. He " longed to be dissolved, and be with Christ."

His anxiety for the salvation of all that came near him, led him to exhort and admonish them, and to pray for them as long as he had breath. To one he said, after expressing himself deeply grateful for some little kindnesses that had been done him, " O live to God. Be watchful. Be upon your guard. You are continually on my mind. I can never forget your kindness. I have been praying earnestly that God would spare your life 15 years. He will make you a blessing to many. But O ! watch and pray ! We shall meet in Heaven. I am as sure of it as I see *that* before me. We shall meet in glory." He prayed with great fervour for different individuals by name, and with great enlargement of mind and particularity.

Two young ladies visited him about this time. His advice to them on their leaving him (to meet no more till the morning of the resurrection) was, " Keep the world under your feet, heaven in your eye, and JESUS in your hearts."

He still testified of the all-sufficiency of divine grace to support him under the oppressive and almost overwhelming circumstances in which he was placed. His faith seemed not to waver for an instant, neither was the glorious prospect before him obscured by one intervening cloud.

On Monday evening he was breathing hard, and said " I long to be gone." In the course of the day, he had again affectionately and earnestly exhorted his family, and besought them all to give themselves to God, and prayed with them and for them. He said many of the sermons he had heard, had been brought back with power to his soul ; and he had felt more than he could express.

Tuesday night he said his " sight failed." He then repeated the following verse :—

" He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite his grace !)
Emptied himself of *all but love*,
And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
'Tis MERCY all, immense and free,
For, O my God ! it found out ME !"

Shortly after this he quietly " fell asleep."*

MEANS TO BE USED.

WHAT would you say to the captain of a vessel at sea who wished to gain his port, and yet neglected or refused to spread his canvas ?

* This simple history is an abstract of an interesting little tract we have just received from England, entitled " The Pious Keelman."

Would you not think him deranged? What were his sails put on board for? surely not to remain rolled up on the yards, but to catch the wind, and thereby to forward the ship. But this is precisely the case with those who have the means of grace offered, and yet do not use them. As well might your Bibles be on shore as locked up in a sea-chest, or suffered to remain untouched in a locker. O my dear friends, remember that God's favours are given you to be used, and especially His Word; O catch the gracious and enlivening breezes of the Holy Spirit, who has commanded us to "seek that we may find, to knock that the door of mercy, grace, and peace, may be opened unto us," (Matt. vii. 7.) and given the promise "that they who seek shall find." (Prov. viii. 17.)—(Jer. xxix. 12, 13)—(James i. 5.)

HOW SHALL I GO TO CHURCH?

Go with that humility and teachableness of spirit that becometh miserable sinners, who have wandered from the fold of God; but are now, through the mercy and grace of your heavenly Father, desirous of returning to it.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

BARGE PREACHING.

WE have been so much pleased with the piety and simplicity of the following extract, that we venture almost on an unwarrantable trespass on the friend who wrote it, as he charges his correspondent not to make it known. He will, we think, excuse us when he sees we have carefully suppressed all names of places and persons. It is one of the most distinguished honours of the seamen's cause, that it touches the hearts of good men in all ranks and stations, whatever their profession or house of worship may be. It is on this *broad ground* we esteem it our privilege to plead for sailors.

"Our much exercised friend, J. S. W——, now feeling liberty to give notice of his intention to preach on board a barge, on the 30th of the 6th month (June) 1822, and on my mentioning thy kind offer of sending us a Bethel Flag, if we would subscribe £1, by the Committee giving us the other £1, I now have to request, as soon as possible after thy receiving this, that, as I suppose it may be packed up in a small compass, thou wilt please to send it. I will be sure and remit the sovereign by the first convenient and safe opportunity that occurs, and I do hope it will *suit thee to get the flag immediately*, that thus it may be raised at our first meeting, and by that means it *may be* there will be more interest created for the cause at large; and, if possible, please to enclose the first part of our friend G. C. Smith's Collection of Seamen's Hymns and a few Tracts, for which we will remit the money too, on thy telling us what is our debt; and here I will just satisfy thy inquiring mind of the manner in which I have circulated some of the Sailor's Magazines thou gavest me at the beginning of this month. When I was getting near home, two poor Welchmen came on the coach, and I soon found one of them to be a

serious man, so I gave him some Tracts and one of the Sailor's Magazines, after writing my name and place of abode in it, and he seemed most truly thankful for it, and said, 'he should much enjoy reading it.' I then found a young gentleman on the front seat *who spoke very highly* of the 'Bethel President,' Admiral Lord Gambier; and he said he should like to look at one of the Magazines. I therefore gave him one directly, at which he seemed so pleased, that he said he intended to take them in when he returned home; and I have since given one to a sick tradesman going home to his dear country, Kinsale, in Ireland; and he, poor man, said he should keep it, he hoped, as long as he lived, and give it to his children after him: so that I hope I did not make a bad use of that part of thy kind bounty—the others are most of them lent out in the town and neighbourhood to get more subscribers."

SEA MISSIONARY.

HOWEVER necessary and useful writing letters and forwarding reports to individuals may have been, experience has convinced us that *that* society will do but little good that sits down comfortably at home, and writes and talks of the goodness of its objects, and the utility of its plan. To excite a suitable spirit and produce lively efforts, places must be visited, and persons be brought to feel a real interest in these things, that they may step forward and persevere in attaining that good a national institution proposes to accomplish. All the Evangelical Missionary Societies are so well convinced of this, that they now dispatch their ministers annually to every part of the kingdom, that the subject may thus be brought prominently forward, and none grow weary in well doing. The British and Foreign Seaman's Friend Society has long since had its agents actively visiting various sea ports, forming and promoting institutions for sailors; and the readers of this Magazine cannot fail to have noticed the exertions and success of the Rev. Messrs. G. C. Smith and A. Brown in this signally important work. Our recent numbers have introduced an accredited agent also of the Society in the person of Captain William Henry Angas, as a Sea Missionary. His public appointment to this sacred office has already been stated to have taken place on board the seaman's chapel at Bristol, and the commencement of his maritime career has been detailed in our work. We have followed him from London through Colchester, Wivenhoe, Harwich, Ipswich, and Boston, to Lynn Regis. We shall, in future extracts, exhibit his further progress; and invite all the friends of seamen to offer up fervent prayers for a divine blessing on his active efforts to do good among seamen.

Notices and Acknowledgments.

AN account of the Great Osage Mission, the Cataraugus Mission, and several other articles prepared for this number, are omitted for want of room. We are also obliged to defer our "CIVIL RETROSPECT."